

KISSING IS UPHELD

Custom Is Stoutly Defended by tan discipline are luridly depicted by Many English People.

Disappointed Mother's Statement That Love-Making In Youth Is Conducive to Failure Meets Flood of Protests.

London.-The man who has not R. sed in his boyhood days is laving up a sad and lonely time for himself in later years.

Such, in brief, is the tenor of many letters sent in with regard to the statement of "Disappointed Mother," published recently, that kissing and lovemaking in childhood's days are conducive to failure in after life.

How little in agreement with the statement are these correspondents is clearly shown by the following extracts from some of the letters.

Heartrending and awful to contemplate are the results of an unromantic youth in the opinion of one correspondent who had no flirting practise inhis youth.

. "To please my parents I avoided girls," he writes, "and sought the companionship only of members of my own sex. I certainly had more time for study, and am not considered a failure; but now I find that the other sex plainly shun me, and possibly be-cause I am shy in their company, although I have no difficulty in making

The writer, after contrasting the happy position of his brothers, who have always mixed with and had friends amongs the opposite sex, with his own wretched lot, goes on to depict the hideous future in store for him:

"I shall probably remain single, or, what is worse, marry the wrong girl. I consider that if boys are allowed to make girl friends, whether failures or not, they will certainly be happier in after years and less likely to make a foolish marriage."

The influence of feminine society. says another correspondent, "is very

"A youth who has spent a good deal of his time in the presence of a girl is usually well mannered, gentle, kindhearted and a gentleman. . . . From a girl's lips a boy will hear no bad language, and from her presence will love," it was suggested. Mme. Ozaki no bad habits. A boy who scorns the company of a girl is usual-

ly a kind of wild, untrained animal." The after effects in later years of boyhood fenced round about with Spar- riage. It is to pick out good men for

another correspondent:

"The so-called Spartan discipline invariably produces sooner or later a revulsion which has often been ruinous to a boy's character. He revolts against all the obnoxious associations of his earlier years and causes endless trouble to the short-sighted parents whose unwise restraints have sickened him.

"Why not let the boy have his girl? If she is at all sensible, she will realize that her work is to help him to get on, or, at the worst, his youthful affection will either wear itself out in due course or become something that

it is a privilege for any man to feel." The power to show affection should habits. be instilled into boys and girls at an early age, says another correspondent.

teach her sons and daughters to be affectionate to a certain degree. Of course, l do not mean fussy, i. e., always hanging around one, etc., and making themselves generally obnoxious, but really affectionate and loving.

"I for one can see no harm in a boy making a friend of a girl, or vice one another in a kind of 'you must not go with girls.'

Who Has Decided Views on

New York,-"The Japanese wife

family, the American wife of her duty

This is Madame Yenkio Ozaki's

version of "The East is East and West

is West," she declared at the Hotel

Astor, where she is staying with her

"First of all, the Japanese woman

"Before she is married she is not a

woman, but a girl. With us all the

young girls are looked after by their

"But Americans do not believe per-

thing," she said, rather impatiently.

"It is not a sensible reason for mar-

carefully provided with husbands."

husband, the Mayor of Tokio.

toward herself."

Married Life.

love me' light they will naturally grow into either confirmed woman or man haters. And the romantic and imaginary side of their nature will be entirely killed."

The writer concludes with two subtle queries:

"Does a 'Disappointed Mother' allow a boy that has been helped by a girl to continue his acquaintance with that girl? Does she expect her boy to work hard at a business and then, on reaching home, to set-to to hard study?"

The opinion of a boy of fourteen in a discussion on the merits and demerits of kissing is invaluable. A youthful correspondent living in London

"I am fourteen years of age, but old enough to know my own mind in such matters, and I think if a boy likes a girl he takes more care in his personal

"If a boy is taught to despise girls he will grow up to be a hard-hearted "In my opinion every mother should man with no feeling for the softer sex. Affection makes a boy polite and gentle. For instance, I used to be a rough, untidy boy until I met with a girl; now I take more care of my appearance and ways.

"Any boy who has any feeling has a favorite girl companion, and any parents who want their sons to grow up versa. If they are taught to regard polite and gentle men allow them to

American Wife is Selfish

The Way of a Man With a Maid.

Some girls I have woosd with infinite tact,
And some with fire and flame;
and some I have never woosed at all,
But—kissed them, just the same!

It's simply knowing how!

And it isn't the man, nor a matter of charm,
Nor a matter of love, I trow,
That counts when it comes to getting a

ଊୡୡୡୡଊଌଌୡୡୡୡୡୡୡ A Wandering Destiny

By MABEL CHASE ENGLAND

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The country road, unshaded by tree | mured at last. "I'm afraid to wink." or shrub, stretched straight and dusty under the burning August sun. A girl in cool white came slowly out of a gateway, clicked the latch behind her and stood gazing dublously at the book and a box of chocolates; with the other she raised her ruffled skirts. A mile to the woods, a short walk along a shady path to the bank of the river, then-her canoe-the bookthe chocolates, and-

With sudden decision she stepped into the road and began picking her way gingerly along the edge. When she reached the opening in the woods where the path began she heaved an immense sigh of relief, but without pausing kept steadily on till she reached the bank of the river. There she sank down on the log to which her small canoe was moored, threw

off her hat, and gasped.
"Phew!" she said. "I don't believe "d do that again."

She sat a few moments, her chin on er hands, gazing out over the shadd river, then, stepping into her canoe the arranged herself comfortable on a pile of cushions, places the book and the chocolates conveniently beside her and pushed off.

The air was brooding and somnolent; the silence deep. She drifted lazily—just a touch here and there with the paddle to guide her. A faint wind blew from the south and gently lifted the soft hair from her brow. The moments passed. Slowly, al most imperceptibly, the little canoe crept along. Zoe's eyes rested steadily on a distant curve in the bank. "It was just beyond that," she mur-

mured.

She rounded the bend cautiously. Her heart gave an excited little throb. He was there. He lay facing the river, his head thrown back on his arm, his whole graceful length extended in an attitude of utter re-

"Asleep!" thought Zoe resentfully, and yesterday he had had his back to



She Drifted Lazily.

the night and dreamed of him till

dawn she had falled to determine.

Nor was her chance to discover what

compelling characteristics lurked in

his silent personality. She hesitated,

making sure of his absolute uncon-

sciousness. At last she turned her

canoe toward him, propelled it slow-

ly, carefully, till its bow ran noise-lessly into the soft mud of the bank.

Her paddle across her knees, she

leaned forward, eagerly, to inspect

undisturbed this sleeping young

prince of the woods. What a physique!—what features!—what an ab-

solutely ideal type for the hero of a

sylvan adventure, a little love idyll,

such as the whole scenario seemed to

"I believe," she reflected dreamily,

"If father would only let me alone I'd

fall in love with some one just ex-

actly like this and under some just

here her reflections grew energetical-

ly rebellious-"marry that Tom Dris-

coll he's always talking about, and I

won't stay at home to be baited with

him when he comes. Oh, if I could

ever"-she drew a long sigh-"meet

an unusual type of man in an un-

lenly and without preliminary stir or

notion, his eyes opened full upon her.

They stared at each other, he too

At this point in her reflections,

usual way."

romantic condition. But I will not"

the river and hadn't appeared to see her as she slipped past. Just why she had thought of him till late in

women who own property should have the right to vote, but I do not think they should hold office or appear on the public platform. I do not think it would be womanly or refined."

ALLIGATOR PAID BLOOD DEBT

Four Hours Then Kills Two That Had Hurt Him.

New York.—Alligators are supposed to have the most rudimentary instinctive nerve apparatus of the entire reptilian family, but Mary Jane, the largest saurian but one in the Bronx park zoo, nourished a grudge for 24 hours and then deliberately killed Texas and Mississippi, the objects of the grudge.

The other day all the alligators and crocodiles were removed from the outside tanks of the reptile house, and while Mary Jane was lassooed and bound the two other alligators went at her. "Mississippi almost chewed off her front leg on the right side and Texas lacerated her hind leg on the same side before the attacking force was driven off. The next day she started to get her revenge, and killed Texas first, without much trouble.

When she got around to Mississippi, who had been attacking her flank, Mary Jane opened her capacious mouth, grabbed Missiasippi by the neck and held on until her enemy was dead. In vain keepers pounded her

"Oh, what can I say?" thought Zoe wildly.

"I-I was so astonished to see you," she stammered. "I just stopped to-to make sure you were-"A man and not a faun," he sug-

gested helpfully. "No," she contradicted, frowning, "that you were asleep and not-not dead. You see, I have never before

een a man in these wilds, and—" "Not even a dead one?" be inter rupted, laughing. She smiled distantly, "Not

even a tramp. And I wondered—I thought-' "I was here yesterday," he re-

proached her. "He saw me!" she thought indignantly. "He thinks I came down here today on the chance of meeting him,

the conceited-" "I paddle down here every day." she informed him coldly.

"Oh, really!" he exclaimed, with open delight. "It's awfully nice of you to tell me. I'll be here fishing every afternoon, and-"

"I didn't mean that," she flashed back furiously. He looked dejected. "Pardon me,"

he said, "I don't suppose you did. I merely meant that-that- Oh, please don't go," as she prepared to push off. Selzing a fallen branch he dexterously hooked it through the long rope that was tied to the bow of her canoe, and drawing it toward him grasped it firmly. "I simply meant," he proceeded with calmness, "that I was coming here, always, every afternoon to fish. You don't mind that, do you?" he inquired humbly. "I don't care in the least what you

she retorted, with angry disdain. He gave the rope a couple of turns around his wrist and settled himself comfortably.

"In that case I shall sit here and talk to you," he announced.

For answer Zoe pulled herself carefully toward the bow and began to work busily at the knot that secured her end of the rope to the little iron ring in the bow of the cance.

"Of course, I might offer to help you," he mused aloud, "but under the circumstances— What! You're go-ing to give it up? Well, that is more sensible. I'm afraid that knot was put in to stay."

Zoe moved back to her former position and rearranged herself on the cushions, after which she opened her book and began to read and munch

chocolates. He watched her a moment.

"Isn't this idyllic?" he murmured contentedly.

Zoe helped herself to another choc-

olate and turned a page of the book. The minutes waned. Half an hour passed—an hour. The silent and peaceful companionship worked like oil on the troubled waters of Zoe's resentment. An unconscious happiness and contentment stole into her heart. She risked a glance at him. He was thoroughly "nice,' she decided.

At this moment, as if sensing her softened mood, he leaned over and peered into the canoe.

"Greedy!" he murmured. "Only three left!" Zoe struggled with herself, then

laughed. Won't you throw the rope back

now, please?" she begged. "It is late and I have some distance to paddle." He looked contrite. "I've been a brute," he apologized humbly, "but I just couldn't help it. I knew if I once let you go that would be the end of me-you'd simply disappear forever. And-and really, you know, it's lonely about here.'

"Isn't it!" agreed Zoe, with quick sympathy. "And so why," he asked eagerly,

'shouldn't we amuse each other a little? I'm staying with my uncle, back there, on my way to Southampton, to visit a friend of mine,

"Southampton!" exclaimed Zoe. "Why, that's where I live!"
"Really!" His face beamed. "Do

you happen to know a Mr. Brentley and his daughter?"
"My father!" Zoe gasped, "and-

myself! You are not-don't tell me-" she began to laugh helplessly.

"I am Tom Driscoll," he said solemnly. "And you—what are you do-ing—" he pulled the canoe nearer— "up here? I was going—you know that I was going, simply-to meetyou!'

"I ran away," gurgled Zoe. "Father had talked about you so much I-I hated you! Oh, what a joke!"

"It's anything but a joke if you hate me," objected Mr. Driscoll gloomily. Zoe lifted a flushed, dimpled face. Well I-I hadn't seen you then.

she admitted. He looked into her eyes.

"Do you think I might paddle you home?" he asked.



brain that dreamed the magic strains Is dust these many many years,
Yet still the music swells and wanes
And works its spell on him who hears;
The melody is clear and sweet
With dulcet gladness in each tone;
Of haunting swing and rhythmic beat
Are murmured chords that sing alone.

hand that wrote the olden rhymes These many, many years is dust; The sword it held in olden times A century ago was rust— But here today as fair as then We have the song that holds the heart

We have the song that holds the which throbs again, and yet again, Because of this undying art. And they who wrote this song, they gave

The world no conquest of their hands.
They caused no battle flags to wave,
They trampled through no alien lands,
Their fame came not through women's
tears
Nor through the heaping of their gold—

And yet through all the bygone years The simple song their fame has told.

So sing it softly, when the night Flings shadows from the drowsy west, For all its measures, shadow-light,
With comfort and heartsease are blest,
And it may be to some fair star
With afloat an echo of some strain
To tell the two who bide afar

They did not write their song in vain.

Fishing.

The devil, we are told, is the father of lies. Fishing, therefore, must be the father of the devil, or else some intimate family friend.

Fishing is not an art; it is not a sport; it is usually an unaccomplished

The essentials to fishing are a pole, a line, and an eliminated conscience.

Also the person who desires to take up fishing as a means of occupying his time for a day or so must have so much hope that he has to carry most of it in condensed form.

Some people fish by casting the line hither and yon, then working the reel and swearing. Others cut out the casting and the

reeling in and double up on the profanity. The mystery about fishing is not

why you do not catch anything, but why, when you move from an apparently fishless spot, the other man can row in there and immediately catch a

Jonah for years was suspected of being merely a fisherman.

Quite Different.



He chides her, sarcastically, for turning about to look at the women they have passed.

he says, "to see what they are wear-

ing." "Not so," she replies, in defense, "I merely turned about to see if they had

turned about to see what my new dress was made of." Just So.

Lives of toothless men remind us We must reach our meals on time Or the lift boys else will find us Fletcherizing as we climb.

Time Works Changes.

"Where is my husband?" asks the woman of her brother-in-law, who has come to visit them for the first time in 15 years, and who has taken the husband out with him to dinner.

"He's still seeing the town," ex plains the brother-in-law. "He said a while ago that he had no idea the town had grown so much in 15 years. and that while he was about it he would see it all."

Feared Pneumonia.

"I don't see why you insisted on coming out here in our spring clothes on such a blustery, raw day."

"But think of everybody reading about you and I being the very first people to appear in light garb."
"Reading it? Where? On our tombstones?

metura Restit

To Mark Napoleon's Homes

Conqueror of Europe Moved from by his brother Louis, who was to be House to House as His Income Gradually Increased.

Paris-Each of the houses in Paris where Napoleon Bonaparte dwelt when he was a young, struggling soldier is to be marked with a tablet suitably inscribed.

The wits are saying that the authorities will have to order these tablets by the hundreds. Dozens of Parisians will say to you as proudly as seriously:

"He who conquered Europe once lived under the roof which is mine

The fact is Napoleon accommodated his dwelling to his purse. When he first came to Paris he lived in the military school. There he had to elimb 173 steps to his garret. A room scarcely large enough sheltered the future emperor for a time at 5 Qual

Then he took a small apartment in Rue de Nevers, only a few yards from the Tuileries palace, where he was to shine in all his glory.

In 1792, Napoleon moved to Hotel dets, on Rue du Mail, but the humblest apartment in the hotel was the best he could afford. At that period the man who was to topple thrones took his meals at a little cafe in Rue es Pettis-Peres, arranging to pay 20

Napoleon's next home was in Rue me enabled him to rent a suite of

come king of Holland; another by Junot, in whose wildest dreams he could not have forseen himself a marshal of France and duke of Abrantes.

In 1795 Napoleon went to live in the more fashionable Rue de la Michodiere and from there to Hotel Mirabeau in the Impasse du Dauphin. The Hotel Colonnade saw his last bachelor days, and when he married Josephine he bought a small house in Rue des Chantieres.

Milk Thief Is Bear.

Marquette, Mich.-Felix La Cross, farmer, met with a rude surprise the other night. He had missed milk and had determined to catch the thief, and lay in wait for him.

When La Cross saw a dark object crawling through the window he made a grab for it. To his amazement the intruder proved to be a cub bear. The animal escaped and when the farmer started after it he stumbled on to two more bears—an old and a young one. All three bears got away while La

Phonograph Good Fog Horn.

Cross returned to the house for his

Port Townsend .- H. L. Tibbals, Jr. manager of the Union wharf, is using ts a day.

appleon's next home was in Rue atmarte. His slowly increasing incr "Has Any One Here Seen Kelley?"

So Says Spouse of Mayor of Tokio, their daughters. If you adopted that method here you would not have so many divorces.

"That is because the wife is not all the time thinking of herself and what thinks first of her duty toward her is due to her.

"I do not believe that divorce should be impossible. One wrong in our system is the fact that the laws are not equal for men and women. Either can get a divorce for cruelty or un-

faithfulness or desertion. "But the injustice is that by our law the children always belong to the always is a wife," said Madame Ozaki. | father, and no matter how bad he is the wife cannot take them away from him when she leaves him. So the wives will suffer almost anything

mothers and fathers. They are all rather than ask for separation. "We do not have women's clubs, but we have societies. We have a sons should marry unless they are in great patriotic society for women, and a society for the study of sanitation and health and a society for the pro-"This love, is a very transient

motion of education. "Have we any suffragettes? No. Our women have done nothing with that movement. We have many wom-

en workers for better education, but not for politics. "As for myself, I think unmarried

Saurian Nursed Grudge for Twenty-

with rods, and only when Mississippi was dead did she loosen her hold, swim to the edge of the tank, climb out and sprawl on the wet masonry.

astonished, she too panic-stricken to "Please don't vanish." he